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"Us Kids"

BY

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“Us Kids”

C. C. BUMGARNER



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*Logansport, Ind.
Chronicle Printing Co.*

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C. C. BUMGARNER

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DEDICATION

It is to the friends of my Childhood, with their little fears and fancies. The pals of later years with their advice and counsel, the older folks that were glad to satisfy my curiosity, and entertain me with their memories of a long gone pioneer existance, whose log school houses, corduroy roads, wild game, and Indians, deep swamps and dense forests, dances and husking bees, appealed to my inner scul; and to the numerous little pals I love to study that this little book is dedicated.

US KIDS

We're full of life and innocence,
Our playground everywhere;
We know but few unpleasantries,
Our lives unscarred by care.

Today, is all the day we know,
Just now is when we live;
The past to us is just a blank,
We take just what you give.

The future is our fairyland,
To'rd which we fondly gaze;
Its doors to us are opened
At the slightest hint of praise.

Our little questions day by day
Are steps that must be trod;
Curious little souls are we,
With parents—As our God.

We're what we are untainted,
And the future only bids
To develop us, as what we are,
In it's Fairyland—Us Kids.



GRAN' PA

John Weirich: he's a gran'pa
Of the good old long ago,
The years have bleached his raven
locks,

Until they're white as snow
He knew this good old Hoosier State,
From infancy to now.
And his keen old mind remembers,
Each when and why and how.

John Weirich: tho he's ninety-two
Recalls the past, as well
As tho it was, but yesterday.
And pleasantly can tell,
Tis John, I gladly introduce
A youth, tho ripe with age
As the Gran'pa of the stories,
That you'll find from page to page.

GRAN'PA STORIES

My gran'pa he's i'st awful old
An' sets 'round in his chair;
He moves it in the summer
Where the shade is, here an' there.

But in the winter, when it's cold
He wears a big old blouse,
An' spends his time jes' ever' day
A settin' 'round the house.

An' in the evenin' gran'pa
Lets me come sit on his chair
An' he tells me lots o' stories,
That he learned 'ist ever' where.

He tells 'bout when he's 'ist a boy,
So awful long ago;
And how boys are so different
Frum the boys he used to know.

They didn't get to play baseball,
Ner rode around in cars;
They didn't have 'lectric lights
An' gates wuz only bars.

They hardly went to school at all,
An' hunted for their meat;
An' they had bears, to shoot at,
An' squirr'ls an' deer to eat.

An gran'pa says 'at pigeons
Wuz so thick 'at when they'd fly,
You couldn't see the sun at all
A shinin' in the sky.

They lived out in a great big woods,
A long, long ways from town,
In a house 'at's made from little logs
With no floor, but the groun'.

They didn't have no cook stove,
But he 'scribed so awful plain,
How his ma cooked in a kittle
In the fire place, on a crane.

An' he said they raked the ashes
An' the live coals out below,
Where they baked corn pone, and
taters,
When he's young, so long ago.

They hitched cows for horses,
An' made lumber with a ax;
They raised a kinda weed fer clo's—
Gran'pa calls it flax.

But ma's a-callin' me to come—
Gee, it keeps me guessin';
I'll tell you more 'bout gran'pa
When I've took my music lesson.

GRAN'PA'S RIFLE

Gran'pa's got a rifle
That he used so long ago,
When he was jes' a youngster
Like me, an' kids I know.

An' nen he had some huntin' dogs,
He said one was a cur;
'At's jes' a measly onr'y dog,
But good fer fer ketchin' fur.

They's lots o' 'possums, minks, an
coons
To ketch, when he's a boy;
An' when his pa gived him that gun
Gran'pa's wild with joy.

They's turkeys too, 'ist runnin' wild
That Granpa said he'd call,
An he said thy wuz fatter'n fools
From eatin' beechnuts, in the fall.

An' lots-a fezants lived around
The place, where gran'pa did;
Don't you bet, 'at it wuz fun
To live when he's a kid?

An' gran'pa said theys injuns too,
That sometimes he 'ud see;
Especial, when they'd go to town
Fer lead an' powder, salt an' tea.

He's talked with little injun boys
'At's bout his size, he liked them most;
When he wuz where they's tradin'
'Round a place they called The Post.

My! Granpa walked a awful ways
When school wuz goin' on;
But teachers whipped jes' awful,
An' he's glad when schooltime's done.

Gee! I mus' hurry an' git home
I'll tell you more when I've a chance
But I mus' stay with gran'pa,
While the folks go to a dance.



GOIN' TO MEETIN'

Las' night Gran'pa telled me how
They us-ta go to meetin',
An how the menfolks talked outside,
A-shakin han's an' greetin.

The preacher an' the folks he's with
Jes' always got there late;
The wimmen an' the kids went in,
While the men stayed out to wait.

"Us Kids"

The preacher cum 'bout twict a year
To preach to 'em an' offer pray'r;
He road a horse, so Gran'pa said,
To take 'im here an' there.

They didn't have no music things
To play on, when they'd sing;
Les' sum-un had a fiddle
That he cud play, an' bring.

An' meetin's lasted half a day,
An' sometimes half the night;
Gran'pa said the preachers then,
Could preach an' pray, a fright.

Sometimes he said it took a day
To get back home agin;
An' nen fer most a month er more
His Pa 'ud pray like sin.

They wa'nt no roads to speak of
When Gran'pa wuz a boy;
Cept the kind they made o' brush an
logs,
An' called 'em cord-er-roy.

The nearest nayber Gran'pa had
Lived 'jes four miles away;
An' they had kids like he wuz,
But 'twas too fur off to play.

Say, I'll bet a kid like that
'Ud grow to be a dub,
But I mus' go, cause Pa an' Ma
Are goin' to a euchre club.

THE BEAR STORY

'Lo Bill! Las' nite my gran-pa told
Some more, when he's a kid;
An' I'll tell you, like he told me
'Ebout what he said he did.

He said he waked up one dark night,
When he wuz 'bout fourteen—
The dogs wuz fightin' awful,
An' 'twas dark as he had seen.

His pa wuz up an' called him
To git his gun an' hurry;
Fer the dogs wuz fightin' somethin'
Awful big and furry.

They lit a bunch o' taller,
That wuz tied with sticks and tarred
An' throwed it where the fight wuz,
Right out in the yard.

An' when the blaze got bright enough
So's they seen ever'where,
They found the dogs wuz fightin'
A great big ole black bear.

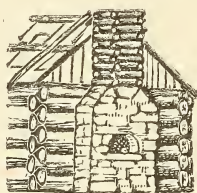
An' gran'pa said, Bub I wuz skeered,
But couldn't run somehow;
Fer that bear looked ez big to me
Ez our old muley cow.

An' his pa said, "go keerful son,
An' watch clost when ye shoot;
An' when ye do, don't wait aroun'
Ef he don't fall, you scoot,"

An gran'pa watched to git a shot,
His finger on the trigger;
An' all the time the doggone bear
Kept gittin' bigger'n bigger.

Then purty soon his chance it cum,
When he'd got purty near,
An' he shot true, like heroes do,
Right square behind the ear.

Then gran'pa runed into the house
To tell he'd killed a bear—
But I mus' take my paintin' lesson;
Gee! wisht I was there.



BUYING NEW BOOTS

Say! gran'pa told a 'nother one
Las' night, when him an' me
Wuz settin' in his big arm chair,
An' we both laughed. O gee!

You see, when gran'pa wuz a boy
Shoes wuz most unknown;
An' bcots an' moccasins wuz all
That folks would wear, er own.

An' when a boy wuz big enough
To wear boots on his feet,
A pair o' boots with nice red tops
Made life fer him complete.

But new boots cost a awful lot,
An' money was so skeerce,
The things boys done to git 'em
Sometimes wuz simply fierce.

Well, gran'pa worked an' saved an'
saved,
When he had time to spare,
An' after many months he had
Enough to buy a pair.

He said he wuz so tickled
Cause their tops wuz shiny red,
With copper strips across the toes,
He wore 'em most to bed.

His pa, he had some taller
That he used most ever' night,
To grease his boots to keep 'em soft
An' not git stiff an' tight.

One night gran'pa greased his boots
An' set 'em where the heat
Would make the grease go into 'em,
Then they's soft on his feet.

An' nen he went to bed, to sleep,
But couldn't sleep no mor'n sin;
He's so anxious fer the daylight
When he'd wear them boots agin.

But they had bin set up too close,
An' in the night the heat
Had burned an' scorched an' wrin-
kled 'em

"Till they wouldn't fit his feet.

Then gran'pa cried; las' night he
laughed,

At how his spirits fell—

But Bill let's hurry on to school,
I'm sure I heard the bell.



GRAN'PA'S DREAM

Gran'pa told me 'bout a dream
He had long years ago.
About some funny animals
'At you an' me don't know.

His ma had told a story,
Jes' before he went to bed,
An' when he went to sleep that night
He saw 'em all, he said.

There's a big-eyed Cor-yu-gal-us
That lived up in the trees;
An' the long-billed El-so-dik-tum
That lived on bugs an' bees.

The little Gol-sin-os-it-us,
No bigger than a mouse,
The great winged Com-we-loo-de
That could fly off with a house.

There's the sneaklu' Zin-ke-tur-mun
That would steal bait outta traps;
An' the Spuamp-snort's voice wuz
 'zactly
Like the sound o' thunder claps.

The Bim-ble-der-do's little eyes
Dripped tears like fallin' rain;
An' the Bizzle-Bug 'at bit 'em
'Till they all would yell with pain.

The Alli-gan-tis jes' would set
An' laugh fer hours an' hours;
An' the hungry Til-de-woo-dum
That lived on smelly flowers.

But the Gizzle-dink-de-walk-us
Wuz the queerest one of all;
He'd stand an' look right over trees,
He's 'ist so slim an' tall.

His legs wuz jes' like broomsticks
An' his toes as thin as wire;
He's allus cold, an' warmed hisself
Ey standin' crost a fire.

Ther's lots of other funny things
'At gran'pa claimed to know,
But I mus' go mind gran'pa
While the folks go to a show.

GRAN'PA SAYS

My Gran'pa says: at long ago,
Womens dresses came down low.
An' waists came almost to their ears,
That women all had modest fears.
But nowadays the dress has changed,
From low to high the hem has ranged,
And life for women seems complete,
To have the hem and waist line meet.

WHEN MAMA BAKES A CAKE

Our home is just the limit,
No chance to romp and play;
We slip around like shadows,
There's just no other way.
Mama's strict, oh gracious,
She smiles, but not so kind;
We play outdoors entirely,
With anything we find.
Dick works around the woodshed,
An' pa stays at the barn;
An' gran'pa goes up to the store,
To hear some fellows yarn.
The neighbors knw the symptoms,
And not a call they make;
For it ain't safe to move or speak,
When mama bakes a cake.

MY KITTY

One day last spring my mama
Had sent me to the store,
For a box of tacks to fasten,
The carpet to the floor.
And as I mosied homeward,
Just lookin' 'long the street;
The cutest, softest, kitten,
Came rubbing 'round my feet.
I picked it up and brot it home,
An' begged that it might stay;
Mama don't like kittens, cause
They're always in the way.
But I just coaxed my bestest,
Till mama says all right;
I'll let it stay. But mind you,
It goes outside at night.
My kitten grew to be a cat,
I fed it scraps and milk.
Until its fur was softer,
Than the finest kind of silk.
I called it Tom; for papa said:
That's what cats should be called.
And why folks spoke of Tom cats,
When at night they squalled an
squalled.
Well: Tom and I were happy,
As you might well suppose.
I wheeled him in my doll cart,
All dressed in Dolly clothes,
I'd put a bonnet on his head.

It's just the proper size
Why you could tell he's happy,
By his purr an' dreamy eyes.
One day Tom came up missing
And I called him everywhere,
I asked most all the neighbors,
But they said he'd not been there.
I almost felt like crying
For I feared that Tom was dead.
Some dog had maybe killed him,
And chewed his pretty head;
But when papa came that evening
And had been at home awhile,
He called me to the coal shed
And I saw he wore a smile.
He said: look in here kiddie.
Now what you think of that,
My Tom: had four wee kittens
Ain't he a funny cat?



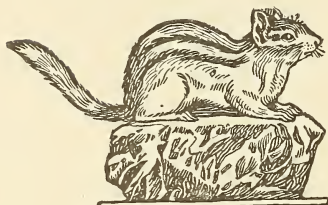
THE DOLL STORY

I want to tell a stoory,
It won't take very long.
About my little Dolly,
I'm sure there's something wrong.
She used to call me mama,

As plain as she could speak,
But her insides must be busted,
For her voice is awfully weak.
Doc Hatfield took her temp'ature.
An' shook his head so wise.
He felt her tiny little pulse,
An' put stuff in her eyes.
You see her hair is slippin',
The paint's gone from one cheek,
One darling ear is missin'
An' her tummy's sprung a leak.
One leg is loose and twisted,
Two toes are lost an' gone,
One eye is always sleeping,
Something must be quickly done.
I feel so awfully sorry.
She's in the shape she is,
I spect she'll soon be dyin'
With the light'nin' rheumatiz.
Won't some one kindly tell me,
In a way I'll feel assured.
What medecine is safest
So my Dolly can be cured.
My mama says she's hopeless,
And will always be quite lame,
Papa says she's ruined.
But I love her just the same.



LI'L SQUIRREL



Li'l squirrel he's jes' a workin',
Busy like a bee.
Jes a streak a flyin'
Up and down the tree.
Hidin' nuts fer winter,
When the snow is here;
An' he has to stay inside
'Till springy days draw near.

Li'l squirrel, he's workin'
Like he'd never stop.
High up in the nut trees
Clear up to the top,
Picks the bestest goodies,
Nen away he run,
Hidin' nuts all day long,
Jes like he'd not get done.

Li'l squirrel he see me,
An set down on a limb,
Shake his bushy tail an' bark,
What for I bother him.
He ain't no time for loafin',
The time, it's slippin' 'way,
He got to git his work done—
Got no time now to play.

Li'l squirrel he tell me
Cold days comin' soon.
Trees all bare and empty,
Sun ain' up 'till noon.
Wind'll be a blowin',
Snow flakes wheel and whirl,
Better put up plenty,
Like this li'l squirrel.

MY DAD

A bunch of bright eyed youngsters
Were listening one day,
To a story, and as I passed by,
I heard the teller say:
There's someone down to our house,
Said the smiling, happy lad,
That can tell the bestest stories,
An' you'd llike 'em, too—My Dad.
He makes me kites, an' sleds, an'
things,

An' when he's home at night,
When chores are done, he shows me
how
To do my sums all right.
He knows 'bout wars an' soljers,
And Injuns an' Buff'loes;
And he knows when the sun goes
down,
Jes where it always goes.

"Us Kids"

He's b'en on ships off somewheres,
I forget jes' where he said,
But it's where you pick up cokienuts,
An' there's trees, whose fruit is bread.
Where monkeys, an' parrots, an'
cockatoos,
Live out in the woods in trees;
But folks have to sleep in hammocks,
'Cause there's bugs and worms and
fleas.

He's hunted up in a great big woods
Where the trees ain't like we got;
The rug we've got in our sittin' room
Come off uv a bear he shot.
He's told about hearin' a panther
scream,
When it's huntin' something to eat;
An' he's heard 'em call to their mates
way off,
That they'd found a trail of meat.

My Dad can talk for hours an' hours
'Bout things I've never seen,
'Cept when I go to a picture show,
An' see 'em on the screen.
He's been most ever'where, I guess.
An' seen all there was to see;
An' heard all there was to hear, I
guess,
So he could tell it to me.

MY OLD DOG BLUE

He's jes' a dog, my old Dog "Blue",
The bestest friend, I ever knew;
He follers me most ever' place,
A smilin' with his homley face,
A huntin' for some cat to chase—
My Old Doy Blue.

He'll walk along with me 'ist grand,
Jes' glad it seems, to touch my hand,
His nose'll touch my finger tips,
An' when I'm makin little trips,
To go uptown—away he slips—
My Old Doy Blue.

Outside the door he'll wait for me
Jese' like he's happy as can be;
Nen when I start to walk away,
He allus wants to run an' play,
Like he's afraid I'd make 'im stay—
My Old Doy Blue.

Ma says at when I'm gone to school
At dog jist acts like he's a fool;
He'll stick his ears up, stand an' gawk
At folks 'ats passin' on the walk,
'Ist watchin' fer me like a hawk—
My Old Doy Blue.

"Us Kids"

One time he got some poisoned meat,
When he wuz findin' things to eat;
An he 'ist looked so sick an' sad
Gee, but Pa was awful mad,
'N when he's better I's so glad—
My Old Doy Blue.

He's jes' a dog, my old dog Blue,
But he's fer me plumb through an'
through,
He's always glad to be with me,
If only close enough to see,
An' when I'm happy so is he—
My Old Doy Blue.

**MY TEACHER**

I've got the nicest teacher
I think I ever had,
I want to be so awful good,
Jes' somehow never bad.

She's got the softest fluffy hair,
An' big deep hazel eyes;
An' helps the scholars ever' one,
That really, truly tries.

She wears the cutest aprons,
An' she's got the sweetest smile;
The kids they all adore her,
Ever' one an' all the while.

Her voice jes' sounds so coxin',
An' she speaks so plain an' low,
You jes' must understand her,
That's why we love her so.

An' teacher's got a feller
That drives up in his car
'Bout twice a week to see her—
He must live awful far.

But always she's a-waitin'
When us kids come to school,
An' we all want to please her,
But never break a rule.

MY MA

My ma she's a member
Of a literary club,
'Cause she don't want the neighbors
To think that she's a dub.
An' don't know how to write an' read,
Ner what' a-goin' on,
Round the world most ever'where,
An' what the leadin' folks has done.

My ma can write up papers
About old guys that ain't;
An' bout a lot o' fellers
That painted things with paint.
An' she knows all bout odd things
Fur off, an' how they looks;
'Cause she's read 'bout 'em
Here ot home, in magazines and
books.

An' nen soometimes, when bedtime
comes,
Theere's stories she tells me
Of Goblins, Sandmans, fairies,
They're cute as they c'n be.
An' my ma knows, Oh, ist a lot!
'Bout what my pa don't tell,
When he comes in way late at night
Explainin' he ain't feelin' well.

But when ma starts to bakin'
An' makin' things she makes,
There ain't nobody's ma on earth
Makes cookies like she bakes.
I don't jes' know what all it takes,
To make the cookies 'at she bakes,
But they're the best I ever saw—
Tell you what, I'm strong fer ma!

MY NEW PANTS

My ma maked a pants fer me,
Frum a pair wore out by pa.
You oughta see em, Gee-ma-nee
Ther the worst I ever saw.

She maked 'em button up the sides
An fas'en to a band,
Jes' wait till I'm hoppin' rides
An they pull loose, my land.

They're awful floppy 'round the knees
The seat is low an' loose,
An' thru the sides a chilin' breeze
'll giive me pimples like a goose.

Ma says they're plenty good enough
Fer me to rip an' rear,
An 'ought to hold me cause ther tough
A clim'in' ever'where.

When girls com near I'm gonna hide
Cause my pants look so raw.
An' I don't like 'em, nen beside
The kids 'll call me "pa."

PUMPKIN PIE

See them yellor fellers shinin' on the
groun'?

See their bulged out, wrinkled sides
Scattered all aroun'

Time they's bein gathered
An' stored back in the barn,
Cause Old Jack Frost's a comin'
An' they'll soon start huskin' corn.

"Us Kids"

An' tain't fur off till Hallere'en,
An' nen on posts an' places
Where little kids 'll git all scared
You'll see their grinnin' faces.
An' Pa, he'll sort o few to keep
An' put 'em in the cellar
An' pick one out to save fer seed—
Some nice big yaller feller.

An' Ma, she'll cook 'em one by one,
An' can 'em brown an' dry,
So's she can have a-plenty
To work up into pie.
An' nen when comp'ny's comin'
She'll bake up three or four
Big pies, an' put 'em out to cool,
On a bench by our back door.

An' all the famb'ly likes 'em too,
An' pa'll say to ma,
'Most ever' time she bakes 'em:
Them's the best. I ever saw.
An' Ma, she'll say: 'W'y Henry,
You know and so do I,
It's a reg'ler famb'ly failin'
To want more pumpkin pie."

THE EARACHE

Oh boy, las night I waked up
In the middle ur the night,
An' my ear was hurtin' awful
I couldn't sleep a mite;
I rolled an' tumbled in the bed
A hopin' day wuz near,
An' finally jes' laid an cried
It hurt so, in my ear.

An' purty soon my Ma she heard
Me cry, an come to see,
An' asked whatever on the earth
Could be a ailin' me.
An' when I said it wuz my ear
She talked jes awful nice,
Put said 'at I wuz payin'
Fer slidin on the ice.

An' nen she went an' got some grease
An' het it good an hot.
She said 'at grease when heated
Wuz sure to hit the spot.
She held my head down sideways
All solid on her knee,
And poured 'at grease into my ear
An' Oh my! Gee-man-ee!

"Us Kids"

I hollerd jumped an' twisted
I thot I'se bein' killed.
An' grease wuz jist all over
Where it wuz throwen an' spilled.
But ma jes grinned an' set there
An when I'd cried a bit,
I started in a grinnin' too
Fer the old earache had quit.

WHEN MAMA'S SICK

My but home's a lonesome place
For kids to have to stay,
No smiles we see on Daddy's face
And we don't get to play.

The house is just so dreadful still
And solemn as a tomb,
We feel the silence like a chill
In every hall and room.

The house must be all quiet
And we must play outside,
We get so tired out doors all day
We've cried, and cried, and cried.

We get so lonesome for the time
To all be sitting round
The table, glad and happy.
Its the best place yet we've found,

And baby Jeanne, don't understand
Why we can't romp and play
And wondrs why she has to be
So quiet all the day.

The doctor drives up to the house
And meets nurse at the door,
They slip to mama's bedroom
And stay an' hour or more.

The place just smells so awful
From medicine he brings,
And when he leaves he moves jes like
He's steppin' on some springs.

Today our Daddy called us in
And hugged us close and tight,
And said 'at mamas better
An' soon would be all right.

Tell you what we're tickled
And hope she gets well quick,
Cause home jes ain't no home at all
Whenever mama's sick. ..

MY PA

My pa he says—
An' gee, he knows,
Jes' why the wind blows
When it blows.

An' why the sun shines
When it shines,
An' jes' why miners
Work in mines.



He knows why leaaves
Come out in spring,
An' what the birds say
When they sing.

An' he c'n tell
Before a rain,
Bout when it's comiin'—
Jes' as plain.

An' when the wild flowers
Bloom around,
He knows the places
Where they're found.

An' he c'n tell
Where birds nest, too,
By how they act
An' what they do.

An' when there's young ones
In the nest,
He knows what worms
They like the best.

He knows jes' how
To find wild bees,
An' follow where
They live in trees.

He knows jes' where
The fishes stay,
In dark deep water,
Hid away.

At night time
I climb on his knee,
An' he'll tell stories
Jes' to me.

He tells me bout
When he's a boy,
He never had
A single toy.

He had the mostest
Chores to do,
Ist ever' day
Before he's through.

His folks ist had
Plain wood to burn,
An' he walked miles
To school , to learn.

They's lots o' woods,
An' swamps an' bogs,
An' sometimes folks
'Ud see wild hogs.

The woods wuz full
Of squirrels an' coons,
An' grapes and berries
An' mushrooms.

An' nights when its
Too dark to shoot,
The owls 'ud come
An' hoot an' hoot.

"Us Kids"

An through the roof at night,
Pa said,
The stars 'ud shine
Right on his bed.

There's times I'm glad
I wa'nt a kid,
An' had to do
Like my dad did.

GOIN' WALNUT HUNTIN'

Gee, the time is here at last!
Summer days are gone and past,
Frost's a'bitin' hard an' fast.

Let's go walnut huntin'.

Out there in the fields somewhere,
'Long the fences here an' there.
Where the country folks don't care,
Let's go walnut huntin'.

Say, I know those trees by sight,
My hopes soarin' like a kite,
Dream about 'em in the night.
Let's go walnut huntin'.

Get my hands all stained an' brown,
Shellin' nuts piled on the groun',
Keep 'em hid when Ma's aroun'
From goin' walnut huntin'.

I'm so anxious I could cry,
Dandy days a-slippin' by.
Boy, Oh Boy! I'll say they'd dry.
Let's go walnut huntin'.

Pa saps I'm a reg'ler dunce,
Says I dream o' walnut hunts.
Gosh, you ain't a kid but once
Goin' walnut huntin'.

Can't you see 'em showin' brown
On the shed roofs round the town,
Where kids got em dryin' round.
Let's go walnut huntin'.

Shut your eyes now, can't you see,
Walnuts hangin' on the tree?
If you can't you ain't like me.
Let's go walnut huntin'.

Got my sack all hid away—
I ain't got no time fer play.
Goin' after school today,
Goin' walnut huntin'.

"COMP'NY'S COMIN' "

Gee! there ain't no time to play,
Runnin' errands all the day,
'Tain't right to treat a kid that way
Cause comp'ny's comin'.

A feller's runnin' here an' there,
Sumpin needed ever' where,
Darn! it don't seem like it's fair,
Cause comp'ny's comin'.

Got to go git extra chairs,
Pa he's dressed, an' puts on airs,
Ma's the only one 'at cares,
Cause comp'ny's comin'.

“Us Kids”

Got to do jist like I'm bid,
Things before I never did,
Gosh! it's tough to be a kid,
 When comp'ny's coming'.

Ma she works ist like a streak,
Done more today than all last week,
Pa a stepping round all meek,
 Cause comp'ny's comin'.

Got to wash my face an' feet,
Wear a shirt white as it sheet,
Life has plumb lost all its sweet,
 Cause comp'ny's comin'.

LITTLE CHUNKINS

Li'l Chunkins come to our house
An' daddy's proud, oh gee!
He stays 'round home, 'bout all the
 time
An' holds 'im on 'is knee.

He's got the littlest wrinkled face
An' sleeps most day an' night,
But when his eyes are open
They're jist so clear an' bright.

They keep 'im wrapped up awful warm
In the softest kind o' clo'es.
He ain't no hair to speak of,
An' hardly any nose.

His little cheeks are jes' as fat,
An' his tiny dimpled chin;
Ever' time he works 'is mouth,
Jes' goes out, an' in.

His mouth's jes' like a buttonhole,
An' each li'l tiny ear
Don't look like 'twas big enough
For a li'l mouse to hear.

An' when he cries it makes you laugh,
Its jes' so low an' sweet;
But my he never cries unless
He wants some milk to eat.

He's got the lit'lest teeny feet,
But I heard daddy say
They'd grow an' be ist like a man's,
So's he could walk some day.

An' Mama she 'ists smiles 'ist like,
A angel would, I know:
Ever' time she sees 'im
Seems like I ain't no show.

Non when my mama holds 'im,
She hugs him, oh, so tight;
Her face jes' looks so sweet an' good,
Like everything's jest right.

Mama calls 'im darling
Daddy says 'at Bill soun's fine;
But he's my li'l Chunkins
He's my brother, so he's mine.

WHEN MAMMA READS TO ME

At a little kiddie party
When they all had gathered in,
And we truly making merry
With their playful childish din.

There came a time to listen,
Came a quiet space to rest.
And each told to the others
The things they liked the best.



The boys chose sleds and airguns
Skates, and tops and snow,
Summertime vacations
What they cherished, when they'd
grow.

The girlies chose their dollies,
Needlework of every class.
Books, and school, and teacher,
To the last sweet little lass.

The youngsters in a chorus
Clamoured, you're next Nell.
We've told what we like the best,
It's your time now to tell

Then little Nell unfolded
To their childish ears
The best the world could give her
And her eyes were bright with tears.

I love to have my bedtime come
So I can go to bed,
And feel my little pillow
Cuddled 'neath my head.

Then mamma gets a story book
And sits where she can see,
And I close my eyes and listen
While my mamma reads to me.

She reads the dearest stories
And I seem to float away,
I guess I go to sleep because
I wake up and it's day.

THE DREAM DOLLY

A little tot one morning
Came racing down the stair,
Eyes so brightly gleaming
And ruffled streaming hair,
Sh burst into the kitchen
And with dancing eyes agleam
She told a wondrous story
Of a fairy dolly dream.

Oh mama I had dollies
By the roomfull and you see
The bestest part about it
There was one that talked o me.
She had the longest yellow hair,
Her cheeks were red and fat,
Two darling dimples in her chin,
And the cutest little hat.

Her lips were just the sweetest
And her tiny little neck
Was just like any little girls,
You'd say so too, I spec'.
And when she smiled, O mama!
Her little face was sweet,
Just like a little angels.
She's sweet enough to eat.

I picked her up and hugged her
Oh My but! she was nice
She kissed me, called me mama
An' I hugged her more'n twice.
Oh Mama! are there dollies,
Like the one I dreamed last night?
If there is, please can I have her
I'd hug her, Oh so tight.

THE KIWANIS

Yep, I jined the Kiwanis,
Cause I like the bloomin' tribe;
Ther the only bunch I ever met
Thet really, trooly jibe.
Ther energy's unlimited;
And when its once unloos'd
The've an' ever growin', heavin' pow'r
To git behind an' boost.
Ther' minds air on the future
An' its true ez holy writ
No standard tread Kiwanian
Was ever known to quit.
Ther the sort thet's allus busy
Never whine er wince er shirk;
Thr workin' when her restin'
An' restin' when they work.
So work an' play are about alike,
Ther really livin' when they rest.
Ain't that enough to cause a guy
To think Kiwanis are the best?

PEP POEMS

What's the use to crab and holler
If the weathers dark and wet;
What's the use to let your spirits,
Make your life a losin' bet.

What's the use to blame somebody
Else for things they'd never do,
When all the time the trouble
Is you, my boy, it's you.

The seasons change as usual,
The rain and mud are part
Of a plan, where we're included
As our forebears, from the start.

The sunshine comes accordin'
As a rest, when work we do,
And the way you greet the daily grind
Is purely up to you.

Some time when skies are cloudy,
And sunshine seems no more,
Just stop and figger if you will
Just check your blessings o'er.

Don't crab good things of nature,
Thought at times they're far and few,
There's plenty fellers in this life
Would gladly trade with you.

Don't spit and holler, chew and cuss
About some fancied wrong;
There's chances things could be lots
wuss,
As life goes salin' long.

Fergit your troubles, pack a smile,
Git busy—there's a lot to do;
Clean cut your mind, and then you'll
find,
Your world is simply you.

DON'T QUIT

When you feel your holt a slippin'
On some good thing you'ves been grip-
pin',

An' you find yourself a lookin'
For a soft like place to drop;

And it seems your cautious schemein',
Is a case of idle dreamin'
Like the old time day variety
Where you're pictured at the top.

Your pretty plans are shattered,
All their fragments round you
scattered

You'll swear a jinx has seized you
And is laughin' while you die.

"Us Kids"

You have watched fond hopes all
vanish

And grown moody, grouchy, clannish,
And think you'd be, oh, better off,
'To kiss the world goodbye.

Think again, most worthy brother,
Thoughts like that, you'll have to
mother.

Buck up and hang the tighter
To the holt you have on life.

For every inch you're slippin',
Some other guy is grippin',
Who is willing to do battle
In a world that's full of strife.

Ground that you are not attainin'
Some other gink is gainin'
Some other gink, that's got the nerve
That you have not displayed.

And although the dose seems bitter,
Never be a worthless quitter;
'Cause the world won't back a
scrapper,
Unless he's unafraid.



WHY BOOST

What's the matter with some fellers
That they set around and grouch;
And every cussed word they say,
You feel like saying "ouch!"

They never see the sunshine,
'Cept to say it's too durn bright;
And the government's a ruin—
Never has ben runnin' right.

The fruit crop's froze er sum'thin',
The rain makes things too wet;
There ain't a job to work at,
'Cause the rates ain't settled yet.

They'll argie, knock er quarrel,
While the days are slippin' by;
Never stoppin once to figger
It would help to simply try—

Try to see the good in others;
Boost a little as they go;
Give the other eller credit
If he's got a credit due.

Talk a litte more encouragin'
To the feller out of luck;
Who's outlook still is hazy,
And whose thinkin' works are stuck.

See the sunshine as a glory
That is ours to use and know;
Understand a little better—
Knockers never have a show.

Get the friendly, good-will habit,
Learn to talk a little cheer;
An' 'fore you really know it
You'll be glad you're livin' here.

Clearer thinkin' is an asset,
There's a value in a smile,
There's a welcome for the lad
That's spreadin' sunshine all the while.

KEEPING THE TRUST

At night time when the world is still,
Most living things asleep,
I sit and ponder o'er the day,
Its worthy things, or cheap.

I wonder have I been the friend
I promised once to be,
When all the world lay at my feet
And we were young and free.

I wonder have I hurt the soul,
That trusted me complete,
That soul I promised I'd protect—
That soul so pure and sweet.

I wonder, have, or have I not,
Made god the trust I bear
To her, who said, straight from her
heart
She'd trust me anywhere.

I wonder have I hurt the souls—
Those little souls of mine—
That trust in me implicitly
A trust that is sublime.

Oh Power, that's greater far, than I,
To You I truly pray,
To help me prove strong in the trust
I carry, day by day.

GETTING THE PAY

Accordin' to the holy writ,
Of how this earth began,
The Lord fixed up the bloomin' place
Before he made a man.

He decked her out with stars an'sky,
An' trimmed her up with trees:
An' left a lot o' open space
Fer playgrounds fer the breeze.

The animals wuz scattered roun'
In pairs, to multiply;
An' birds he scattered with his hand
So's they would have to fiy.

"Us Kids"

He made the reptiles all to crawl
An' live in bog or marsh;
An' made a rule of fight or die
Thet folks think mighty harsh.

But say: There had to be a way
Pervided in the plan
To keep things bigger, better
Fer he benefit o' man.

An' so the worl' was started
With the built in, one condition:
That as long as life existed
There must be competition.

An' after Adam; Eve wuz made,
An' when they moved to Eden,
They found things set an' ready,
Most ever' thing they's needin'.

But there's where competition hit
The first blow that wuz struck,
Fer the snake made talk to Mother Eve
An' busted Adam's luck.

From then on, men folks fit 'er out
In ever 'game they tried,
They've found no alibi as yet
To save a fellers hide.

He's got to think an' act on time
To have a passin' grade,
In ever' thing he's tried to do
Or go an' hit the shade.

Ther' ain't no medinary place
That he c'n stop to rest;
If he does some one 'll beat 'im
That c'n stand a harder test.

So their ain't no use to argue,
It's a batle all the way,
An' the one that sticks the longest
Is the one that gets the pay.

OPTIMISM

We dream, we think, we know,
Yet idly pass the time with quip or
smile;
We watch the gloried days' departing
glow -----
And wait awhiie.

We live, we see, we understand
That dys of life are short and few;
And like so many baubles in the hand
Are bandied through.

The golden days of life, and love
And opportunity, are wanton spent,
In the valley of self-desire where
round above
Desirous souls are ne'er content.

And these we see, and rashly class
As fools; who'd seek to learn
The facts; so easily to pass,
And grandly spurn.

And yet, down deep within their
hearts

The pleasure seeking throng
Have confidence in those they spurn'd,
To aid, when things go wrong.

In time of need, or dire distress,
The frilleries of life forgot,
The human parasites confess
The worth of those, that bandied not.

Thus fortune smiles, and some
Forsake the solid, path they tread;
Forget the darker days to come,
And blindly, plunge, ahead.

IDLE TALK

This world is full o' idle talk
And talk that is sincere:
We listen to all kinds of talk,
Each day we travel here.

There's feller's kick on prices
That they git or have to pay:
Some folks jist cain't be content
When things ain't all their way.

Folks holler 'bout the landlords,
And the high rent profiteers,
As a certain brand o' crim'nal
To be hung up by the ears.

The coal man gits a cussin',
And the ice man should be shot;
And the butcher should be bundled
To the place that's always hot.

The drygoods man's a robber,
The druggist is a fright;
To hear some fellers tell it,
There's nothin' run jist right.

The railroads and the fact-ries—
To hear these fellers tell—
Have won themselves a corner
In the darkest pits o' hell.

The farmers and his helpers,
Ought to crawl somewheres an' die;
It's his fault, so they figger
That the price o' food is high.

But on close investigation
Of the ways these fellers live;
And their plan o' give an' takein',
Finds 'em strong to take, not give.

We ain't time, to go to detail,
'Bout the things heard long life's walk
Ther's too durn much to finish,
To waste time on idle talk.

A DAILY FIGHT

There's the glory of achievement
In an honest labor done,
The feeling of a victor
When a battle's fought and won.

There's an honor in the toiling—
In itself a super wage—
That comes but to the lab'rer
Who will gladly work engage.

To him or her with mind intent
On doing only best
The daily toil is playtime.
And labor only jest.

The supreme satisfaction
That comes from earnest toil
Simply proves the adage,
"To the Victor goes the spoil."

No matter where the labor—
In the office, shop or field—
Completeness of endeavor
It's fruit is sure to yield.

Then the rest! The gladsome rest-time!
When we can sit and nod,
Let's us realize more fully,
Honest toil is near to God.

THE OBLIGATION

If you had a good idea
Or a thot that's worth the while.
Us it brother; use it while you may.
If you have the inside knowledge
Of the value of a smile,
Use it brother: e'er it gets away.

If you've got the knack about you,
To get on with things you do,
Use it brothr; its a precious gift.
Or the power when you get started
To put the thing on thru,
You'll never need to ask a friendly lift.

Old nature gives us everyone
Some talent rich and rare,
Us it brother; seek your talent out
But she leaves us moral agents
Our talents to declare,
Brother show the world what you're
about.

You've a moral obligation
That is yours alone to pay.
Pay it brother; prove that you are
square.

For your success develops
Others talents long your way,
Labor brother; truly it is there.

We're each a step in nature's plan
To better human cause,
Step up brother: never count the cost.
And a million other unborn steps
Are ruined if you pause,
And future generations will be lost.

Search deep your inborn talents
And find where you are best,
Find it brother; e'er it is too late.
That those of you that follow
Will think of you as blest,
And one who held ajar the future's
gate.

HOME AGAIN!

The Robin and the Bluejay,
The Bluebird, Finch and Thrush,
Have driven north through rain and
cold
To meet the nesting rush.
The crows, the hawks, the meadow-
larks,
The bittern and the wren—
In fact the entire feathered tribe
Are glad they're home again.



IN JUNE

There's a world of satisfaction
In the very sound of June;
A kinship with the great out doors,
With every voice in tune.
The breezes slowly float along,
The air is filled with nature's song,
It seems that nothing can be wrong
In June.

It's time for lovers everywhere,
Their souls unite in June
Hours they spend all free from care
Neath Jun's pale yellow moon;
The future all is gay and bright,
Lighted with loves beaming light
To them all things exist just right
In June.

The farmer has been through his test,
His crops are out in June;
A space of time for him to rest—
A space that ends so soon.
The cattle brouse heir time away,
The little lambkins frisk and play;
The horses dream of new mown hay
In June.

"Us Kids"

The swimmin' hole is patronized,
For school is out in June,
Each boyish mind is exercised,
To some wild fancies croon.
The circus with its funny clown,
Wild beasts and all, has posted round
The dates that they will be in town
In June.

That wondrous something everywhere
Its presence tells in June,
The earth, the sky, the very air
Breathe a wondrous tune:
It's rythm lowers, or its swells,
A glorious music ever tells
The time of times, for wedding bells
In June.

The city feller plans and plans
For Sunday's fun in June;
Amusement guides he eager scans
As restless as a loon.
Some campfire he'll be lightin',
Where mosquitoes he'd be fightin',
Close to where the fish are bitin'
In June.

THE PERFECT REST

If in the grind, the daily grind
Your very soul is worn,
Your body racked and tortured,
Your spirit sadly torn;
It seems the limit has been reached,
You've done your best and failed,
You've quit, you're done, to try no
more
You're sure your soul has quailed.

But wait, just listen, and I'll tell
Where rest is sure and sweet,
A rest, as certain as the day,
A rest, that's most complete,
A little ways and there you are,
A patch of woods; just trees
Whose leafy branches answer
Every playful passing breeze.

A shady, grassy spot, wherein
Are hidden watchful eyes,
That watch your every movement,
With a fearful, mild surprise;
A place where rest is blooming
Like a fragrant wondrous rose,
Where you trade your thoughts of
saddness
For the sweet thoughts of repose.

"Us Kids"

Where nature bids you welcome,
Where wild folk, earth and sky,
Teach thoughts of restful gladness
As the time glides slowly by,
Each small insect, in its searching
For its food, its mate, it's quest.
Takes your mind from restless worry,
In its place, there comes a rest.

Just be quiet, look and listen,
Watch the birds flit, tree o tree,
Note their shy and cautious manner
Hiding close, yet where they see;
Squirrels, swiftly moving shadows,
As they go from bough to bough
Fear a something, yet they wonder
What you're doing, anyhow.

And the trees; those glorious guardians
Guardians, yes, by far than more,
Ever guarded by the oceans,
Where they dash from shore to shore;
They are there, to shield, protect you,
They invite you, as their guest,
To gladly teach the spirit
And the truth of quiet rest.

Take a lesson, straight from nature
If your soul is sore and wild,
Listen closely to her teachings,
As an earnest little child,
Try to understand her meaning
She alone still teaches best,
She's the great, grand, glorious mother
Go to her for perfect rest.

FISHIN' FEVER

This is 'bout the time o' season
That a feller ain't no reason,
And he pines an' longs for sumpin'
All excitin'.

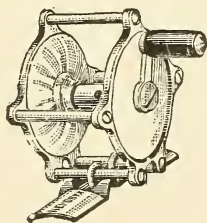
Hes a longin' in his liver
To be settin' by the river,
Fer the sunshine sure has told 'im
They're a bitin'.

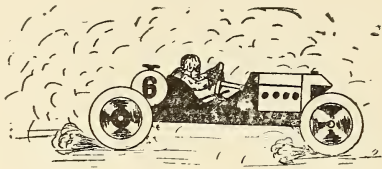
Guess some sort o' spook deceiver's
Gone and give us fishin' fever,
Fer the water scent comes to us, and
We commence to snifflin'.

And we long and crave, uneasy,
Fer the water, cool and breezy,
And we know the bass are bitin', cause
The suckers are a rifflin'.

All the work-time we're a wishn'
We were where their tails are swishin'
As they feed among the shallows,
Or in sheltered places lie.

Yep! we feel we're easy winners
As we limber up the spinners,
For we know we're gonna get 'em,
Bye and bye.



**BEHIND THE WHEEL**

When nature smiles her smile of smiles
And beckons you with all her wiles,
And roads get good for miles and
miles,

Your job sees you a slippin'.

The sunshine glows for hours and
hours

Right on the heels of springy showers,
You feel possessed of wondrous
powers

If a steering wheel you're grippin'.

There's mighty genii 'neath the hood,
She's full o' pep an' hittin' good!

You'd run her faster if you could—
And thought you'd be forgiven.

When after hours are spent just so,
Your cheeks present a healthy glow,
You think and act on what you know—
And life is worth the livin'

"MUSHAROONS"

Have you ever heard the music,
In the patter of the rain?
There's a grand and glorious feelin'
That you get
When your very soul's in rythm,
And the joyous sweet refrain
Has a scothin' restful somethin'
An' you aint a sad regret.

Nice warm rain of balmy springtime,
When all nature's turning green;
Early garden work is finished,
All out doors fresh and clean;
And the music of the rainfall,
With the bass, the thunders' boom,
Gives us nature bugs a cravin'
Fer a mess o' musharoon.

But, oh! boy! to think is tastin'—
If you ever had a taste;
It's a memory that will linger
An' can never be erased,
There's a satisfyin' somethin'
In the flavor that they bear;
And when you've got a mess to eat
It's great to know you're there.

"Us Kids"

An' the glory in the findin'
When you know where spawn is found
To be first on the huntin' ground
An' see 'em stickin' round;
Just to pick and fill a basket,
With the tender, luscious boys
Make's a feller's thoughts hilaric,
Just the kind his soul enjoys.

But we first must have the rainfall
An' the balmy days of spring,
And must learn to know the music
Mother nature likes to sing,
Now's the time old nature lover,
Can't you hear that welcome tune;
Nice warm raindrops softly singing—
Time to hunt the musharoon.

"RESTIN"

In the early summer weather.
Nature folks'll get together,
There's a longin' to be restin' by some
stream,
Where the banks are green and sunny,
And you feel like ready money,
With workin' time a dim and distant
dream.

There's a calm, sweet, clean attraction
In the water's easy action,
As it glides around the rocks an' then
away;

In its depths are hidden treasure
We can seach for, at our leisure—
When the world gets warm and sunny
'long in May.

There the water's clear reflections
Bring back childhood's recollections
As we watch the current amble slowly
on;

And we catch ourselves a wishin'
We were kids again a fishin'
As we did in good old days that now
are gone.

Lovers' eyes the banks are scannin',
While their minds are ever plannin'
To find some shady nook or sheltered
places;

Where no other folks can bother
And they're there to spoon together
The joy of living shining in their faces.

In the stream we gaze a dreaming,
Watch the mosses gaily streaming,
And we wonder what is hidden there
below;

Darker depths of water hiding,
Hiding something, there abiding,
Something fearsome, yet we want to
know.

"Us Kids"

As the night comes on, we're leaving,
Thoughts half gladness, half a grieving
Baskets, poles and clothing, ready for
the start,

And as homeward bound we travel
Over roads of stone or gravel
There's a thankful feelin', grippin' at
the heart.

Glad we've been out there a restin'
Where the joys of life we're testin',
Glad to feel 'an know, there's an an-
swer to our dream,

Dreams we have, that when we're
strivin',

For the things that mean a livin'
Theres a helpful rest in every lake or
stream.

THE FIRE DANCE

In the early winters evenings
When the frost is in the air,
And the chill bites to the marrow
As you bustle here or there;
When the day of toil is ended
And the evening meal is through
The home, and comforts of a fire
Feel mighty good to you.



Your chair drawn close beside it,
The soothing, restful ray,
That dispells the chill about you
As the flame tongues jump and play;
If an open grate, you're lucky,
For then before your eyes,
Are the wonders of the fire fiends,
For you to realize.

They dance and leap around about
And chase themselves with glee
As underneath, the glowing coals
Release and set them free;
And as you watch these playful sprites
Time vanishes, and then
The scenes of childhood canter back
To live themselves again.

“Us Kids”

In boyhood, girlhood, days once more
We laugh and romp and play;
Again we live those wondrous times
That now are far away.
Those playful elfs bring back the days
Forgotten, yes, yet known,
And as in grand review they pass
We claim them as our own.

There's nothing rests the human mind
Nor drives away all care,
As the fire dances in the open grate
When the frost is in the air.

ABOUT THIS TIME O' YEAR

As you travel through the country
About this time o' year,
There's a feelin' in your system
That you're glad you're here.
The corn shocks all in order,
The pumpkins peepin' out
From the mass of vines about them
Where they're scattered round about.
You can hear the ens'lage cutters
With their hungry, whirrin hum
As the farmers feed the critter
Storing feed for days to come.
The plowin' for the wheat crop
Leaves the fields all fresh and bare
The different colored upturned earth
A dryin' in the air.
The standin' corn is brown and dead
About this time o' year.

Farm folks getting busy
For huskin' time is near.
There's a sane sweet satisfaction
As you view the country's wealth
A ridin' over miles o' road
An' buildin' up your health.
The taxes may be higher,
The price of grain be low,
And places in the country road
Where they've planted signs "Go
Slow",
But one thing sure and certain
I want to make that clear
There's nothin' beats the country
About this time o' year.

**AUTUMN FRIEND AGAIN
ARE WITH US**

Autumn friends again are with us—
Increased numbers day by day;
And we see, or hear them singing,
As we go along our way.

The cricket gaily singing
In his high-pitched trilling hum,
As he searches nooks all sheltered
From the frosty night to come.

The mud wasp works intently,
As she moulds her house of clay,
And fills each room with spiders
As the barn is filled with hay.

“Us Kids”

The locust, fairly screaming,
With his green, gauze, fairly wings;
From the topmost leafy branches
That his name was linked with kings.

And when evening time comes stealing
From where all day they've hid,
Comes the sweetest autumn music,
Never changing Katy-did.

The goldenrod is blooming
Showing all, its wealth of gold,
Telling those that know it,
'Tisn't long until the cold.

The melons on the market,
The apples on display,
Tell that autumn's surely with us—
Frosty night not far away.

The wild folks all are busy
Hiding close their winter's store;
Never failing signs to tell us,
Autumn's almost here once more.

INDIANA FER MINE

Some folk'll rave o'er foreign cars
An' some o'er foreign tombs
An' others tell of pictures
To be found in foreign rooms.
Some tell of wondrous beauties
And of foreign cooks divine—
But so far I've concluded
Indiana still fer mine.

There's no doubt lots of pritties
On them restless furrin' shores;
An' even wild volcanoes
With their lava, smoke an' roars;
But given 'em due credit
Fer the way their wonders shine—
I've got that ingrown feelin'
Indiana does fer mine.
Then comin' back across the pond
Where freedom had its birth,
It's proof we've got the best old place
That's known around the earth;
For furriners from ever'where,
Think the old U. S. just fine—
But I know that best of all the states,
The Hoosier state fer mine.
Some sections of this U. S. A.
Have climates that attract,
Some advertise their timber
As a real financial fact;
Some sections corner all the cash;
Some raise fruits so fine—
Still, somehow, Indiana
Is the state I want fer mine.
She's got a little, of most all
Of good things that they tell,
She does most everything they do
And does it mighty well;
She raises crops they'll never beat
Inside her own state line—
I'm still a plain old Hoosier,
With the Hoosier state fer mine.

TRASH PILES

A bunch of children playing
Round a pile of burning trash,
Will do a lot of risky stunts
That older folks deem rash.
They play and poke the fire and laugh
At smoke that floats away,
Take chances of burned fingers,
In what they think is play.
They little dream of dangers,
And resent advice of years,
Until perchance a burn is heirs,
Then help, relief, and tears.

The world is full of trash piles,
Where wasted time is burned,
Their fire is fed by idleness
Of those, as yet, unlearned.
These trash piles waiting ever
For the unlearned, idle mind
To feed them, keep them burning;
They're so easy, too, to find.
Wasted time and money,
Wasted thoughts and deeds,
Selfish satisfaction—
These the trash pile breeds.
Unclean minds and morals,
Licentious desire,
Keep the trash piles burning,
Fiercer, hotter, higher.

Yes, the world is full of trash piles,
And mankind feels the flame,
Lives by thousands seared and
wrecked,
But still they play the game;
Heedless of the warnings,
Reckless in their ways,
Breaching smoke from trash piles,
Wasting glorious days,
Laughing at the future,
The past means naught; 'tis gone,
Living lives for trash piles,
Ever burning on,
So always we've had trash piles,
And while there lives desire
For selfish satisfaction,
We will have the trash pile fire.

A CHILD'S PRAYER

Last night when walking homeward,
The day's toil left behind;
My thoughts on home and quiet—
Thoughts of a peaceful mind.

I passed an open window,
And on the evening air
A childish voice was wafted—
The plea of a childish prayer.

I paused, then stopped to listen,
Just why, I couldn't guess;
But the plea of the child had met me
As an angel's soft caress.

And I listened, yes I listened
To that voice, so free from care,
As it asked of the Heavenly Father
In that childish evening prayer—

Asked a blessing to rest on Mamma,
As it really, truly should;
That strength be given to Papa,
That the asker, be kept good.

That the world be made over better,
And it seemed I was rooted there,
As I listened, strangely, gladly,
To that childish evening prayer.

Then the prayer abruptly ended
And I started home again;
In my mind was a happy something,
As I thought of the child's "Amen."

And home seemed grander, better,
As I sat in my evening chair;
And I thanked the Lord I'd listened
To that childish evening prayer.

THE RECORD KEEPER

'Way back in our brain cells,
Some place where mem'ry stays,
A record keeper surely dwells;
A writin' down our days.

Each little tiny happening,
That comes along our way,
Is written, carved or painted—
In a way to make it stay.

The most of them forgotten,
Sill they're kept, without a cost
And it's very seldom ever
'That a single one is lost.

For instance: From the long ago—
Let's see if I'm mistaken—
A drowsy youngster, early dawn—
The fumes from frying bacon.

A heavy footstep 'round the house,
As morning sun creeps higher,
An' the good old sound we used to
hear
When Dad shook down the fire.

A sweet voice hummed a little tune,
A dipper bumped a pail;
Then out there in the woodland
The call of scattered quail.

And on the quiet morning air
A music pure and fine,
As the neighbor sent his Whoo-ee,
Calling breakfast to his swine.

The mooing of the cattle
A the break of coming day;
The rattle of a wagon,
Along a country way.

The old pump's noisy, plaintive whine,
A coffee odor in the air,
Rattling knives, forks, an' spoons—
Sounds of life most everywhere.

They live those hidden treasures,
A wealth we gladly save;
Hidden safely somewhere
As we journey to'rd the grave.

Blessed childhood mem'ries
That live to never die,
And lighten a life of labor
As the days pass solwly by.

FRIEND WIFE

When a feller starts to thinkin'
That there's werthwhile things in life,
It's a cinch his thots are centered
Rcund a loving little wife.

He'll start his day much sooner,
There's music in his soul,
His step is more decisive
And he seems to have a goal.

His shoulders show more squarely,
There's a keenness in his eye,
The world he meets more fairly
Than he did in days gone by.

There's a quick'ning of his pulses
When his brain swings into line,
And he's there at every angle,
Goin' strong and fine.

He'll tackle any obstacle
That he can think to do;
And he'll labor, sweat and figger
'Till he puts the task on thru.

He seems to be a human fiend,
For things that he'll get done;
And seems to need no breathin' spell
In battles, 'til they're won.

There ain't a chance to beat him,
Nothin' 'pears to him as strife;
And the world must take the sidin',
For the guy that's right with wife.

JERSEY CREAM

Some folks are easy satisfied
An' take life as it comes;
Ther's others chase some wild, fan-
tastic dream.
Some folks don't crave fer things
untried,
An' some are seein' slums;
I'm dippy 'bout my coffee, with a lot
o' jersey cream.

Ther's cravin's run to furrin lan's
An' others run to clo's;
Ther's others run to underwear, that
ain't a sign o' seam.
But mine is jest a happy man's,
Th entire family knows,
An' it takes me straight to coffee,
with a lot o' jersey cream.

"Us Kids"

Ther's folks'll go to bed at night
A-cravin' hours o' rest;
Er cravin' fer a flat that's het with
steam.

The future all to me is bright,
An' things a-lookin' best,
When I've got a cup o' coffee with
a lot of jersey cream.

It seems folks crave the strongest
Fer the things they've never had;
An' the eye betrays the owner, with
its hungry, anxious gleam.
But I feel I'm wronged the wrongest
An' th morning sure looks bad,
If I'm kept away from coffee with a
lot o' Jersey cream.

THE FAMILY MAN

Are you a family feller
With some youngsters stickin' round?
That are ready with their kisses
Every time you're found.
That are proud to call you papa,
And to tell of things you do,
And will fight to prove its proper
That the world belongs to you.
Do you see their little failings?
As reflecting just your own.
Little locks and actions
That will be you when they're grown;
And do you see the worship

That they give to you each day,
As they sit about the table
In that happy family way.
Can you share their little troubles,
Help them sing their sweet refrains,
Soothe their little bumps and bruises,
Ease their tummy aches and pains,
Send them off to sleep at evening,
Just content to know you're there,
Feeling safe to know you taught them
How to say their evening prayer.
Are they glad to see you coming
When the day of toil is done,
And open armed and laughing,
Come to meet you on the run.
If you have all those I've mentioned,
And those kiddies understand
Life has no more to give you,
You're a king. A family man.

MOTHER LOVE

A man may fight the battles
That it takes for daily bread,
He may win the verbal struggles
That will push his state ahead.
His mind may work such wonders
That the world, his feet would kiss;
He may be the world's great hero,
Yet the best of life he'll miss.

"Us Kids"

For, he'll never know what baby means
to mother
When she holds her offspring close up
to her heart;
He'll never know the plans, her plans,
no other;
When baby, grown, will take the
leading part.
He'll never know, her flights of wild
ambition,
Nor the depths, when sickness comes,
of her despair;
He'll never know he's privileged on
condition
That he stand with her twixt baby
pain and care.
He'll never know her heartfelt satis-
faction,
Her little fears and thrills, as day by
day,
She notes, as baby grows, each mood
and action,
Nor know the strength of prayers,
that mothers pray.
Yes, man may rise to heights of
power and wisdom
That are second only to the ones
above;
But the power that planned and
builded all creation,
To woman gave its best—A Mother's
Love.

THE WHINER



I know that luck's against me,
No chance for me to win.
I lose at every cussed game,
That I get started in.
I work as hard at things I do
As any mortal could.
But every time it's just the same
And don't work like it should
I grab up things that shouldn't slip
And swear I'll never quit.
But some guy with a firmer grip
Just shakes me loose from it.
I get up early in the day.
First at some good things door
And find that luck is not my way
Some gink was there the night before,
Some combination of events,
Just heads me off won't let me win.
Bad luck just follows all the time,
To queer me e'er I've started in.

LIFE'S RIVER

When we leave the shelt'ring shore
of life

Our home of youth and song.
And swing out in the current
To be swiftly borne along.

Swing out in lifes broad river
It is best to take an oar
That you guide your craft more truly
Till you reach the other shore.

Let your craft be some idea
That can anchor at a goal
Let endeavor be your watchword
Rooted deep within your soul.

Let the demon of Ambition
Be the power to urge you on,
That the oar of that keep moving
When it seems that hope is gone.

Light the darker ways with knowledge
That procrastinations' rocks
And the snags of doubt about you
Are received with lesser shocks

When eddy spots of ease appear
Where idle pleasures wait
Let an earnest understanding
Of life's assets, guide you straight.

And when you reach life's rapids
Where successes gaily roar,
Shout a warning to those near you
Keep the channel, shun the shore.

Then when you've reached life's ocean
And it beckons ever on.
You'll have left a glorious memory
When the shore line's past and gone.

HEARTS DESIRE

Theres a price to pay, for hearts desire
A price that must be paid.
When we make of emotions a raging
fire
And have danced to the music made.

Theres a selfish thot in hearts desire
When we'd forget all cares,
And hearken to that of which we tire
And the payment comes unawares.

The future is blank where hearts
desire
Is sought, and fondly caressed.
And its pleasures are priced higher
and higher,
As we're led to its rotten crest.

The road we travel to hearts desire
Is strewn with human wrecks.
With hearts wrung dry, and souls yet
dryer
Of the things a world respects.

"Us Kids"

The price we pay, for hearts desire
Is a huddless nations debt.
And its childless homes, can but
inspire
Grave fears and sad regret.

Like the rainbows end, is hearts desire
And at last with failing breath
We realize the entangling mire
Of hearts desire. Is Death.

LIFES SECRETS

In the inner chambers of the soul
Of each of the human kind
Walled in, and guarded jealously
Lie secrets, the world shant find.

Secrets that torture the owners mind
Secrets whose freedom mean death
Secrets we'd keep from the world
about
To our last weak, fleeting breath.

Secrets that rage to be released
That tarnished honor be cleared.
Secrets doomed to die within
That innocence not be seared.

Secrets that guide on the narrow way
To success, in the worldly plan.
Secrets that make us samaritans
In this selfish world of man.

Secrets that strengthen the owners
soul

When he knows them safely bound,
Secrets that teach life's sterling worth
And we travel on firmer ground.

Secrets we'd gladly forget, to die
Of folly, desire, or pride
But ever their rumbling, deep within
Warn that they haven't died.

God! how they tear at the inner soul
Their threats and desire to be free,
Are hells damnation, concealed from
all.

To the end of you and me.

DOUBT

Theres a river that flows
Thru the life of man,
As the rivers o earth
To the sea.
Subjecting his days
To its moody plan.
No mind from its current, free,
Its rapids so swift
And cataracts wild;
Are the power
That control his all.
Where he's tossed, as a bubble
And ever be guiled,
To a haven where naught
Can befall.
But always; e'er reaching

"Us Kids"

That spot of our dreams.
Rough waters are gathered about,
Where our brain terrored fancies
Reality seems.
For we float on the River of Doubt.

MOTHERS PALS

To her: who up to maiden hood
Has guarded well a lass.
And taught her well a life of good
And let no evil pass.
Has guided true those girlhood steps,
Since first she tried to walk.
Explained from primer on the prep,
Correctly how to talk.
Knelt by her bedside, as she slept.
And prayed for guidance true.
That she believe, where doubt had
crept.
She still could come to you.
Teiled on and hoped a goddess strong
For her, you'd always be,
That when she met an idle wrong,
To you she'd gladly flee.
To her: the mother. You are now
Where the road of life divides,
No fond farewell, nor courteous bow
Nor high obscuring sides.
Its just afork, whose wid'ning ways
May vary the future will tell

And Mother it's you, that in future
days
Can keep the roads aralell—
If your efforts to pilot that daughter
thru
A life that's beset with sin.
Are to be rewarded, in what she'll do
Make a pal of her, take her in.
Take her in to the secret room of
your soul.
Where life's teachings are filed away.
Where the demons of doubt and
temptation
Are chained, lest they go astray.
Unfold the parchment, you know as
life
And read from it page by page.
That she may be warned of the com-
ing strife,
While she yet, is of tender age.
Disclose the pitfalls, whose deadly
breath,
Is the branding iron, of shame.
Uncover the vices that lead to death.
And steal their victims name.
Lay bare the licentious desire, that
waits,
Along the road ahead.
To ruin the virgin who hesitates,
And leave her despised, and dead.
Teach her well, indiscretions are
stepping stones,

"Us Kids"

That falsehood is a slipp'ry stair.
That bright lights, and music, but
rattling bones,
To be found on the road to despair.
Drill her well: on the sinous subtle,
things
That are found in the evil plan.
And that lead to the brinks, where
hope takes wings,
And shes gone from the vale of man.
Don't attempt to enlarge: on the bad
in men,
For when he comes to her call,
And she finds him misrepresented,
then,
It's a chance she will stumble; and fall.
Don't simply say Sh—: whn she starts
to inquire,
Of the vital things: time will unfold.
If you do: you but kindle the hellish
fire,
You could quench; if you plainly told.
Don't tell her to wait; that she won't
understand,
That she's young; to forget it, and
grow,
Or she iikely will learn, from sources
not planned,
The things her soul craves to know.
Don't vary from Truth; When you
start to explain,

Life's stories, each time she may ask.
Stamp truth as you know it: deep in
her brain,

And truly thus shorten your task.
Paint well every picture; you paint on
her mind

For the kind mother paints; are the
best

They're the only true asset, a
daughter can find

And mother's pals, stand every test.



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